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Doctry.

LONG AGO.

BY CHARLES WILTON

There was a tree, an aged tree, That once I loved to climb, And, throned upon its branches three, To rock them all the time; To laugh and shout, devoid of fears, And swing me to and fro-But ah! 'twas in my childish years,

That passed so long ago. I've led a merry troop of boys Through tangled woods and lanes-Too boisterous in our reckless noise To heed the bramble-pains. We never cared for garments torn,

An hour the rent would sew : And we'd no time to stay and mourn In childhood long ago. I've climbed the rocks, and leap'd about,

From jutting stone to stone.

And heeded not the warning shout, Nor marked its earnest tone ; For price could conquer danger then, And joy o'ermaster wee— And thus I dared the deeds of mea In boyhood long ago.

There's not a brook I have not leapt, Apear my native town— Nor field nor hill where man has stept, I have not wandered down ; And these as freshly haunt me still, And still their forms I know-

The brook, the field, the high-peaked hill, That charmed me long ago. I often think the early days Were fairy days to me; That ebildhood feels enchanted ravs

Which manhood can not see; For cares and years together come In one entangled flow, And angel-voices all are dumb That soothed us long ago.

So long ago, the distant past Is like a pleasant dream, But on the future still is cast Its warm and sunny gleam ; A gleam of sunshine ever bright To cheer the path below, And wake anew the truthful light

Miscellaneous.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

BY HENRY WARD BEACHER.

"And all the people departed, every man to his house; and David returned to bless his bouse.—I Chron. xvi. 43.

I have read in your hearing the ceremony and worship of Thanksgiving, recorded in the Old Testament, performed by David sion of the restoration of God's long-exiled Ark to its House. You will observe that

When the public ceremonies of thanksgiving were done, every man returned to is own house, and David, the chief man of the nation, its king, set the example, and returned to bless his House. The sanctuary and the House, the public Congregation and the private Household, the Church and the Family-these were the features of that Hebrew polity, which, acting through ages, has stamped its influence upon Western Institutions. For when the Jews had been torn up, and part of them destroyed, and the rest scattered like chaff in all the world, the shadow of their old institutions fell upon modern days; and like the shadow of the Apostles, it has had more power in it than the living presence of most institutions which the world has had.

The Greeks have left to the world a rem nant and an ideal of art-a language, and not a philosophy, but a motive toward philosophizing-but not a single Institution. An institution is an organized power, either of ideas or of implements of power. I do not remember one that came from the

The Romans-less than the Greeks in language, less in philosophising tendency, less in art-have left to the world powerful organized tendencies. The Law of the World has had Roman leaven in it.

The Jew and the Roman have left institutions to the world. The first institutions based upon natural instincts; the second, based upon ideas and artificial wants. The Jew organized the affections; the Roman, the civil rights of man. The family is Jewish: the Civil Law is Roman. Both of these are yet Living Forces. But one works at the root, the other in the branches, The one shapes the inward life and substance of men's nature, the other shapes the outward life and actions.

Our Puritan ancestors were men of the Old Testament Dispensation, planted in New England. They were mighty, but not normal. They were driven by disgust inte a reaction against amenities, graces, innocent sports, and the spirit of art and beauty. No man formed by a reaction can be normal. They were driven by suffering and persecution clear back of the New Testament into the Old. And as the Jews were sometimes driven out of Old Jerusa-lem and compelled to hide from their enemies in the mountains round about, so the Puritan was driven out of the New Jerusalem of Gospel and compelled to find rest and refuge in the mere rugged passes of the Old Testament. The Old Testament was a Child of Storms. It was the gradual product of times of suffering and wrong. It contains the view of truth which neculiarly sustains a man under such es. The views of God; the exhibition of Divine Justice; the whole revelation of Providence, are such as to comfort men who are stripped by misfortune and flailed by persecution. And, in every age, men who are deeply religious, and called to suffer persecution for a moral principle have taken refuge in those views of God which the Old Testament gives. And they will continue to do so till the end of the world. Criticism may destroy it, and skepticism turn it under like sod double deep—
but the moment men are brought into disbut the moment men are brought men ar

were supplied with influences by drawing door and each window is clustered with as-The Government and Church sociations. were made for the family, and not the fam-

val of New England was a festival for harvests-a festival of in-gathering. It told

On such a day one might go back to the first furrows of spring; to the birds swarming after the plowman and seedman; to the tender lifting up of the willing earth by the seeds first peeping up to see if it condenze enough to be palpable to the sanger of the water up and grow. We look back through the long files of summer days, whose glittering rays were brighter with heat and sunlight than all the lances of an armed host. Warm rains patter on the roots of our memory; we see the black the roots of our memory; we see the black bellied cloud; we hear the voice of thunder which is the only voice of God, except the ocean when it breaks upon the shore.

The roots and short at the top! There is no where that man can get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch great fireplace, where, through long Win-We look back and smell the orchards, and the morning and the evening, but in his ter nights, I saw more wonderful pictures see the yellow harvest-field. We hear the own house. If I could I should be glad and pyrotechnics in falling coals, flashing and lifting our hearts we thank God for furrow and seed, for grass and flower, for corn and fruit, for rain and dew, for light and darkness, and for the whole mystery of that sublime year, through whose evo-

glo-Saxon, Hebrew, Puritan spirit has cov- them. The educating power of a house

the owner. It is the right hand of the farmer-family. The seythe and the sickle are but the fingers of the household cutting the locks from the head of the year. And what thing is done, on the farm, in the shop, along the street, but it is done for the family? Only the navy and the army do not work for families. They are unuatural. They are not institutions founded on natural instincts, but organized medicines to be administered to the diseases of not through an inch of gold alone-it is than mere love of money. It is not the love of work or skill that drives up the and the holy sanctities of the Roof.

Hence Thanksgiving has its heart in the then, like the people and David, we go back to our house. And on that day there was not a Hebrew who, once within his own King David. He was as great. The King husband in his own family. 'King was less than father, and the greater swallowed up the latter in the family. And, among us, every man that bath a home hath a throne such as King David never sat upon, nor gold and ivory Solomon neither.

When God calls together man and maiof Gol. When He trusts them with a cradle, then he crowns. But in the family the Heart wears the crown, not the Head And when with triple crowns multiplied the parents at length present their children to the Lord, safe and saved, not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these parents! And the Queen of Sheba, who came leagues and days to hear Solomon talk might double the leagues and multiply the days of journey, to hear the superior wisdom of a mother, venerable and good, lingering on earth that we may know the temper and disposition of Saints

The Thanksgiving Day, then, is in heart and spirit the FESTIVAL OF THE FAMILY! wonted places are laid open; locks give back their bolts; jars and cakes are common as grass; no rooms are too fine for trending-no clothes too fine for wearing-no places too select for familiarity. The children may go up and down through and through pantry and cupboard. Frugality is the only thing locked up to-day, and Parsimony is expelled; Generosity comes in stead, and open-handed abundance. It is the grand day of Family joy and liberty, in which it is a sin to be sober and a virtue to be merry.

But, as we must for yet awhile tarry here, we will beguile your weariness by that which it is the next thing to home—a

dig it up, and live upon it! Being so driv- where all its streams do collect. The heart

the history of the year. Its meaning, in the meeting-house, was expressive of joy and gratitude for the year's fidelity to its laws and the applications of them to human wants by human skill and industry.

be to flit about like a shadow, or so unsubstantial that men can look through you and not know that you are there. It may be all well enough in August to wish onesself a cloud, riding in fleece high up in the faction, shelter, support.

Here not only are the family fed but the man wants by human skill and industry. and Winter heard his own foosteps awhile, hither come the poor; the unhoused and grasped substantial hands and clasped unfriended find rest; the hungry are fed; forms that he could feel, he feels a natu-ral pity for poor misty spirits that cannot none, the poor addled vagrant, the brain-

sang as angels do, where she died, where all my boyish frolics began and life spread purity, leads on the night. lutions God brings forth all the treasures of out its golden dream—they are all overlaid by other histories. We planted ing-jack or glorious oven—though these are ered it over with another feeling. The cannot be over estimated. It is doubtful own and abide in the country. 'One has or injury. The plow doth not serve the field, but the advantage of a house and a household

ers no moss. ical nature. It has always seemed to me a come, brave ambition, and a life was not made like a misletoe, mounted on behold the past, life done, its scenes ensome branch which does eating for it, and acted, its histories registered. Family. We go first to Church. But and serves up to its daily want digested sap. Or that he was not an Epiphytes, or the grave ere it has ceased to be a child, airy plant, that hooks on to the bark and you send it to heaven that God may rear

swings in the air, collecting food from wind it for you, saying. Take it, Oh Father, too door, did not feel every inch as great as atmosphere. For (imitating philosophers soon snatched away, and keep it; and when they would confuse knowledge, ent- keep me till the weariness of life is ended of Israel was nothing but a father and a ing, per se, is a very gross operation for a and I go too. spiritual being. The mouth is but a mill. But when the parent goes, ripe in years, Therein go perpetual grists for grinding. his life blameless, his fruit gathered and The eye has a certain nobleness, as it is garnered, we give his form to the earth, the sun of the head, and shoots forth saying with gratitude, God be thanked beams of light. The ear takes in—but it that he hath so long lived and so well; is only impalpable sounds. The nose is a and God be thanked that he hath now derecipient, but only of such parts of things parted. Go, my mother, to thy rest, and as are too etherial for form and which exhale in odors. But the mouth is a strange and agon overtake thee. The speaker then aparture, into which men cast untold substance, and it hath never yet been filled .- remembrance of the poor, the homeles Nor do I believe that any man can quietly and the oppressed. watch the steps of eating, grinding, and swallowing, as a mete animal act, unclothed form associations, without feeling even more disgust than he would at a pig's ban-

quet from the noisy trough. And yet, if there is one word that is but society, that we have. We cover the

corpses; the face discharges expression; the brain gives up thinking; life has gone; only the animal lies there, pulsating, breath-

tress by wrong they will search it out, and flows every day, and the house is the place cated associations there is no difference between a man in bed and a man in a cof- THE FISHERMAN'S BOY

en, our Puritan fathers became thoroughly imbued with the Old Testament ideas. It was fortunate for us that it was so. There are no such influences in the world for the formation of the Family as the Old Testament influences. All other institutions were subsidary to the family—this was the paramount one. Customs, festivals, worship retuel temple—all were to give way. ship, retual, temple-all were to give way to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming the flowers of poets! The couch! From at length—the family never. And while forth to sow its seeds, planting some the day that the bride sanctifies it to the these lived there was but the servants of of them in rock crevices, some by river day that the aged mother is borne from it, the family, and whatever influences came courses, some among mossy stones, some it stands clothed with dignity and beauty. Cursed be the tongue that dare speak evil institutions ran by the peculiar channels and open field, so it is with our experience of the household bed! By its side oscil-appointed by God, down into the families, of life, that sway and brow us either with so that the whole polity of the Hebrews was not a central lake of theocracy, fed by all the streams and head-springs of family. Here the all the streams and head-springs of family. lies, but rather a reservoir, and families memory, and a thousand of them; every night angels troop. It is the Holy of Ho-

After years and years we go back to the this the mere manufactory of cakes and Were made for the family, and not the family for the Government or Church. When David and the people had finished the public service of Thanksgiving they went to their Houses, That was the right place to go to. Whatever a man gets in the sanctuary he should store up in the House.

After years and years we go back to the house of our infancy, and faces (that long have looked up without seeing the roots that grow over them) look upon us, and an invisible multitude stand in gate and portal to welcome us, and airy voices speak again the old words which men do not hear except in childhood and in the house.

After years and years we go back to the house (that long have looked up without seeing the roots that grow over them) look upon us, and an invisible multitude stand in gate and portal to welcome us, and airy voices speak again the old words which men do not hear except in childhood and in the house. One pities spirits that have no bodies .- turn should run to serve the wants of the Poor things! what a mortification it must superior. Selfishness has corrupted all be to flit about like a shadow, or so unsub- this. Love will yet restore it. The old

ter nights, I saw more wonderful pictures creaking of the wheels, as the wains bear to live in the house that my ancestors had brands, trooping sparks, than ever Castle home the grain-fleece of the earth. Stand- lived in from the days of the Flood! That Garden attempted to show-the great ing in the month of November, which is the porch of winter, we look back through ruddy boughs and gold-ranks of multitudinous harvests, into the open bosom of them never owned one. My father's house!

In the month of November, which is cannot be, for in ascending the line of autempted to show—the great settee, the scenes of roaring mith, when after apple-paring the whole family forgot distinctions, and the parents were all children, and the servants were all children. summer and into the very eyes of spring. It is like a picture rubbed out. The frame too; and maid and hired man, child and and canvas are there, but strangers have possessed it. The room where I was born, where my mother rocked my cradle, and ing confusion, and Order goes up chimney -and Revel, hand in hand with love and

But though this day is and was a day pleasant things in the old house, but the not to be lightly spoken of on such a day as -for its democratic qualities. For the whole abundance of the year is but God's whether civilization would not totally kitchen is the only place in the house where offering of love to the Family. The House- change its character, if men should cease all the household are upon a level, and hold is the grand centre. And fruit and to live in their own houses. One reason where, love being the agrarian, forms and grain, wool and flax, root and seed, all of the difference between city and country observances, ranks and differences are swept take their value from what they do for the is that men board or rent houses; they away without offence and without wrong

-the other not. A family without a two pieces of furniture-the cradle and the house is a camp merely fortified for the old arm-chair. No house is full that hath night; but a family in a house of their not in it a babe and a grandfather or grandown, are a family in a permanent fortifica- mother. Life becomes more radient and tion. It is well called a HOUSE-HOLD, as perfect when its two extremes keep along if it was a fort and citadel, into which men with it. The two loves which watch the may run all their life long and be secure! cradle and serve the chair are one. But A nation of men on wheels would remain how different in all their openings and ac-Culmucks forever. A rolling stone gath- tions. To the child the heart turns with mere tenderness of love. To the aged pa-H. THE TABLE. I do not believe that rent, love is borne upon a service of revnatural instinct. But the merchant runs we think enough of that purifying power or erence. Through the child you look for ward—through the parent you look backthe family behind him that works more hide all the animal necessities of our phys- ward. In the child you see hope, joys to very strange thing that man should be an drawn forth in all its many-sided experienshop—it is the love of wife and child eating animal. I have wondered that he ces. Through the silver-haired parent, you

If God calls you to follow your

But when the parent goes, ripe in years be sure that I will follow hard after thee them all pretty pet, if you will wear any-

The Ruius of Ninevah.

The steamship "Soho" has just arrived at London with the last consignment of Assyrian antiquities from the ancient Ninevah. They consist of about fifty cases of universally significant of love, peace, re-finement, social amenity, friendship, pure society, joy—it is the Tanle. Such pow-ing the Queen of Assyria feasting under er hath the heart to clothe the most un- the shadow of the vine, the King engaged seemly things with its own sweet vines and in a lion chase, and after in the act of pourflagrant flowers, that we have not forgotten ing forth a libation. There is also a splenthat eating is an animal act, but we have did and almost unbroken hunting series Now come home the children. Now all come to associate everything that is sweet comprising not only lions, but wild asses, forbiddings cease, and rules relax; un- and beautiful with it. We no longer think caught in a noose or lasso; also a procesof appetite, but of love. It is not food, sion of the sportsmen bearing away birds, hares, etc., with their dogs, nets, and other merest animal necessities with such sympa- implements of capture and pursuit. But thies, tastes, joys, conversations and gay-cties, that the table, the symbol of appe-of antiquity are the slabs bearing the infatite, has cleared itself from all grossness, and mous inscription on the winged bull at the stands in the language of the world, as entrance of the palace Senacherib, recordthe centre of social joy-a feast becomes ing his memorable expedition against Hezsacred hosp tality; a festival is a religious ekiah, the sovereign of Judah, in which 180,000 of his warriors, "unsmote by the III. Next in the house is the CHMBER. sword," in a single night, "melted like Naturally it is the waste-room: six or sev- snow in the glance of the Lord," an event en hours of each day men are breathing so sublimely described in the "Hebrew melodies" of Byron:

"And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,

From the New York Observer. LITTLE ALINE.

Many years ago there dwelt by the sea-shore, in a small hut, which, though plain and homely without, was neat within, a poor fisherman and his wife Winifred .-They were very poor, and although at the proper season he sold a great many fish, during the long winter there was very little that they could do. With all their poverty, however, this worthy couple would have been happy and content, but for the one great trial of their lives which came to them in the person of their only child-a lad about sixteen years of age. His whole heart seemed to be occupied by a malicious and evil spirit, leaving no room for the good precepts he constantly received from his parents, and at which he only mocked. Example and precept were alike wasted upon Godfrey, who went continually on from bad to worse, bringing sorrow to the home where only peace and happiness should have found abode. His favorite sport was to unfasten secretly his father's boat from its moorings, and be off before day-break on some wild excursion, thus depriving the poor hard working fisherman, of a day's subsistence, and never did he or a day's subsistence, and never manifest the least penitence for the sins which were bowing his parents to the very earth with weight of trouble and care; he seemed hardened even at this early age.

Evening had closed upon a wild, stormy lay, and one of deepest anxiety to the poor fisherman and his wife; for Godfrey, the previous day, had taken the boat in a moment of passion, to spite his father, who had severely reproved him for some gross onduct; and now the breakers dashed high upon the rocky coast, and the raging storm each moment increased in violence. The unhappy parents no longer expected to see again their wilful son, and their hearts bowed with grief, for with all his faults they loved their boy.

The fisherman sat with his head be ed upon his hands, and as the heavy thunder shook the little but to its foundation, and the vivid lightning flashed through the narrow casement, poor Winifred crept to her husband's side, murmering, "Oh! Godfrey! my boy, my boy!"

They sat a long while in silent dejection. listening to the howling wind and the roaring ocean, when suddenly the door flew light garments. Winifred cried out in alarm, but her husband rose to greet the heart, little maiden, and at that moment Godfrey appeared, and the child turned eagerly to hand with the long evengs by the blazing him, clinging wildly to his arm, while the fireside; then Aline and Godfrey seemed min, clinging wildly to his arm, while the tears streamed from her eyes. The parents to have new occupation. A school was forgot their son's undutifulness now that opened near them for the boys of the hamin and settled down in this—but its broad and willing hospitality they beheld him safe and sound, and they let, and Godfrey was a regular attendant. earnestly questioned him about the little girl, who seemed to them a being of quite another subere.

Godfrey explained that a poble ship had been wrecked on the rocks a few miles below, and this lovely child, who had been tions. The little girl was overcome with grief, crying out again and again-"Oh mamma! dear manuna and papa, I shall never see you again!" Good, tender-hearted Winifred wept bitterly at the sight of so much distress, and even the fisherman himself brushed away a tear as he took Aline's tiny hand in his own hard, rough one, and patting her head, bade her cheer up, for he would take care of her.

After much persuation, Aline at last confisherman's wife, into the one other room of the house, and to be divested of her dripping garments. With a sad gaze she together all that her slender stock could afford for the young lady's comfort, and she saw that Winifred's tears fell thick and fast as she unlocked her chest and unfold ed one by one some plain, neat clothes, which seemed about the size of Aline's own. The observant child understood all at once, preceptor, and after learning his history. and she said softly.-"Did your own little daughter

"Yes my pretty one," exclaimed Wini-

fred clasping the little girl in her arms; and now she is an angel in heaven, I am sure, for she was always one on earth; she was just about your own age, my darling, and swelling heart she witnessed Godfrey.s I should think,-nearly seven when she the clothes she wore; but you shall have thing so homely."

"I shall be very glad," returned Aline "for mamma says poor little children may be in reality much better than I in my fine dresses. Oh, mamma, will you not that she was but a brief sojourner on this come to me again?" And at the thought | bright earth, seemed to impart to her new of her loss, the poor child's sobs broke out energy and vigor. There was not one in afresh, and even Godfrey failed to pacify the hamlet, old or young, who did not revher. Before many hours, she was too in a delirious fever, and for many days her little life hung on a very slender thread, but | word and sweet smile for all. Not one but the all-wise God spared her for some good. felt her influence and was better in her

and his wife to note the change in Godfrey left the side of the sweet sufferer, and would minister to her wants with all the They all loved her, but Godfrey more than tenderness of a woman, following the doe- all, for she had been an angel of goodness tor's slightest direction with rigid exact- to him, turning him into the right path, ness; and when strength was beginning to from which his erring feet had widely strayreturn to the invalid, he would carefully ed. He was the first to notice the heetitry to divert her from the fearful sorrow had striven to conecal from her kind guar which had come to cloud her young life.

One day, after she had become quite

pray to be good to-day, didn't you ?"

A hot flush of shame mounted the lad's transparent hands within his long after dark before she saw him come comes. towards the door; then she hastened out, and in her sweet, artless way asked-

"Are you angry with Aline?" "Oh no," he cagerly exclaimed, "not angry, but ashamed that you should have en me as you did to-day." "You will not, then, forget to

again, will you, Godfrey !" "Not if you will teach me," he replied. "Shall we go now, as dear mamme

o take me?" Aline asked. He nodded assent, and the child led him o her little bedside, and kneeling down, prayed in her simple child-like manner, that their sins might be forgiven for the sake of Jesus, and that they both might alsake of Jesus, and that they both might al-ways be good. Godirey never forgot that day or its ending, and every twilight the little girl would lead him away to pray, and "because," she said, "no mamma here to go with me now to God."

here to go with me now to God.

Godfrey spent no idle time, he said that
Aline was his charge, and only he must
support her. Every day he worked with
his father, so that their slender carnings
were doubled. The parents saw this change in their son with wondering eyes; it seemed incredible that this could indeed be the wild, headstrong youth, who so late-iy had caused them only sorrow and uninppiness.
"It's that sweet creature, that's his sa-

ing angel," said Winifred, "and she's not ong for this world, either." "Why, wife, what do you meau?" anx

ously asked the fisherman, "is our Aline

too good for this wicked world? You ought to be with her all day as I am, and ee how she tries to help me with her little white hands that were only made to play the piano or to do fine, ladies' sewing. The other day, too, Godfrey was angry and spoke ugly to me, when in a moment she put her hand over his mouth, and he looked so ashamed and never spoke another word. I tell you she's an angel from heaven, and she will go back there soon."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband and he brushed away a tear that stole down open and a little figure stood before them, his weather-beaten cheek, and he too felt he water dripping from her hair and her that there was an angel in the house, who every day brought renewed happiness to his

Months rolled on and winter was

He had many trials to struggle against; too much, too many his quick, fiery temper was ever a stumbing that which is too highly seasoned. block in his path, but Aline instinctively seemed to feel that she could be his better angel and she always watched him with anxious eyes. When he would yield to the lashed to a plank was saved by his exer- tempter within and angry words would pass his lips, her little hands were laid upon his mouth, and better thoughts triumphd. Those nightly prayers, too, were never in there, and he felt that he must be something more than a humble fisherman.before the next winter had returned to them Godfrey was sufficiently advanced in his ented to be led by the kind, motherly studies to take charge of the school himself. Then came the trial to his patience, and many a time the angry words would rise to his lips, but the thought of the sad watched the good mother, as the gathered eyes that would look into his imploringly recalled to himself, and before the end of the term, self-control had become so habitual to him that it was no longer an effort. Nor was his labor without reward. A gentleman who visited the school from time to time, became interested in the young procured for him a situation in the count ing-room of a merchant in the adjoining town, where his diligence and good con-duct soon brought him the happy prospect of promotion.

been doing all this time! With a proud

success, and now she felt that her mission left us, and a year older than Godfrey .- in life was nearly accomplished. The ter-I could not let any one but myself touch rible shock of the frightful shipwreck had shattered her delicate constitution, and from the first she had felt in her heart that soon she should follow the parents who had cherished her, to their home above. An angel spirit did in truth dwell within that erence the lonely child as she glided about from house to house, with always a loving It was quite a marvel to the fisherman presence. No wonder they thought she came to them from heaven, as she stood during these days of anxiety. He rarely in the midst of these rough, uncultivated but still warm and true-hearted people,carry her out into the bright sunlight and flush and the hollow cough which Aline dians who so tenderly nurtured the delicate flower which had fallen into their keepingstrong and well, she strolled down to the But now the truth could no longer be hid beach, and was sitting behind a huge rock, den, and they knew their darling must go sadly looking at the blue ocean, and think- from them. Godfrey was wild with anxiing of the loved parents who were burried in its depths, when she was startled by hear-controllable grief in which he indulged.— and remarking that he could find no examing loud and angry tones, and instantly she Nor did she feel that all her power must ple in the Scriptures, he alluded to the recognized Godfrey's voice. Aline jumped be exerted to reconcile him to the will of prayers of our Saviour, of the penitent reup quickly and saw the fisherman just in the act of pushing of his boat, while his It was long before she could induce him said he, if Peter's prayer, when he was on son stood on the shore addressing him in to acknowledge the justice of the meeiful the water, had been as long as the introviolent and abusive language. The little grather who thus brought affliction upon them, but when at last her little life was gently on his arm, she looked up into his fleeting, she asked Godfrey to pray with

face and said "I am afraid you forgot to her at this their last twilight hour, he kneeled beside her, and clasping her tiny, brow, and without a word he burried his out his heart in grateful and humble prayer face in his hands an instant, then fled to God, who had lent them this little anaway along the shore until he was concealed by the rocks. Aline gazed sadly after heaven. Before he had finished Aline's him, then walked slowly to the house, and sweet spirit had flown to join her parents sat down to wait for Godfrey. It was in that "better land" where sorrow never

NO. 14.

Indirect Suicide.

1. Wearing of thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clo-thing, and especially upon the limbs and

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls, in the thinnest possible dress .-Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home, without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather-beds in seven-by-

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimula-ting dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heart-ily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors. By person-al abuse, and physical and mental excesses

of every description.
6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction.-Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a-mental ferment.

 Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenie, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not ir-

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our mipds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says, no; and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it.— Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giv-

ing way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drugshop of the body.

13. The above causes produce more sickness, suffering and death, than all epidemics, malaria, and contagion, combined forgotten, and Godfrey was learning, by with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly the grace of God, to control the evil in his all who have attained to old age have been with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly heart. New and noble aims were creeping remarkable for equanimity of temper, correet habits of diet, drink, and rest-for temperance, cheerfulness, and morality, Aline urged him on, child as he was, and Physical punishment is sure to visit the transcressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide, and cut off many years of their natural life, who do not observe the means of preventing disease and of preserving

> A Real Western Town. Stoux Cirr. - What will people when there is no West to go to? won't stay at home; and just as long as there is a river to follow up and a wilder uess to explore, the bold pioneers will "push along, keep moving." The latest point of attraction this side of the Pacific Sioux City, situated on the very confines of civilization, two miles below the mouth of the Big Sioux river, and the present upper port of the Missouri. The

ioux river marks the boundary between

Western Iowa and the Indian Territory,

and the St. Louis Republican thus speaks

of the progress Sioux of City and the re-

gion round about: "It is but little over a year old, vet it already contains about eighty houses and five hundred inhabitants, full of enterprise and industry. There is a steam saw-mill in constant operation in the centre of the town, but it cannot possibly supply the demand for lumber, and the peo obtained considerable from St. Louis the past summer, at a ost of one hundred dollars per thousand feet. Lots sell from three hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars apiece, the farming in the vicinity is valued at from twenty to forty dollars per

"Carpenters get four dollars per day, masons seven dollars. Money seems abundant. A newspaper is soon to be started there. A school house is in process of building, and the materials for a new church are now on the levee. A new City is about to be laid off opposite Sioux City, in Nebraska, to be called Pacific City. Ten miles below this point is a flourishing village, Omadi. It has about three hundred inhabitants. The other important places in Nebraska, are Florence, Omaha City and Nebraska City all of which are growing very rapidly. Omaha City has already outstripped its much older neighbor, Coun-

Knapp that when once speaking of the